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this annual pilgrimage to the lake shores will be appreciated. We learn from pioneer white settlers that when it was possible they, too, used to spend a portion of the summer at the valley lakes, Summit, Tulare, Goose, Buena Vista, and Kern.

One of the great experiences of the eighties was to be a member of an excursion about Tulare lake on the steamboat owned by Judge J. J. Atwell of Visalia. There would surely have been a marked contrast between the Atwell boat and the great tule rafts of the Yokuts, had they met upon the lake. At the sight of the smoke-belching Atwell boat the Yokuts occupants of a tule raft would probably have swum across Tulare Lake and hidden in the Coast Range Mountains.

The Yokuts raft is best described by T. J. Mayfield, whose account in "Uncle Jeff's Story" is repeated here for the benefit of those who have not read it.

"A great, long tule raft was built. The Indians used to build small tule rafts that would carry one or two persons for use on Kings river below the rancheria opposite Sycamore creek, but this raft for the lake trip was at least fifty feet long. It was made up of long bundles of tules, pointed at each end, and bound together with willow wythes.

"The bundles were made separately and then bound, or lashed together, making a sort of keeled boat with a depression along the center of the deck. The tules were lashed together in such a way that the raft, or boat, was pointed at the ends and resembled a great cigar, except that the pointed ends were turned up so that they were two or three feet above the deck.

"Along the center of this boat was piled their dunnage. This dunnage consisted of supplies and camp equipment, and included mortars and pestles, baskets of acorns, acorn bread, seeds, dried meat, skins for bedding and many other things. On the sides of the boat sat eight or ten Indians, generally one or two families.

"For us children this trip was an occasion of great excitement. We were all eyes and ears and could scarcely contain ourselves.

"The trip was made in the late spring when the flood from the melting snows in the mountains provided enough water in the river to float the raft over the sandbars.

"The whole rancheria did not make the trip. As I recollect, there were three rafts built the first year. They were built several miles below Sycamore creek, just how far I cannot say.

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have gone to see Mr. Crossmore, who had the right to that place. But we never knew it then, so we left.

The three men and my mother had worked about a week making a tule boat to fish from. We children had helped by carrying tules. It was a real good boat. They had fished from it a lot. The boat was about twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. It was made of tules like the old-time Indians used to make them. They made it on the ground at the edge of the water. We called it *Tutoi* (too'-toi).

The tules were just tied into small bundles as long as the boat and about six inches through at the middle. The ends were pointed. A lot of these tule bundles were tied together. They made a big boat about three feet high. I think it took about twenty small bundles.

An extra bundle was tied along the top on each side so things would not lose off of the boat. The ends of the tule boat were higher than the middle.

In the middle of the boat a hole was made to spear fish through. It was a small hole about a foot across. We called it *kot-la'-um*. At the front end of the boat was a hole where they put the fish and ducks they caught out on the lake. It was about three feet square and a half foot deep. The men used to bring this place in full of fish and ducks. This hole was lined with tules woven together like a basket. We called it *traw-trawk'-oi*.

At the back end of the boat was another hole filled with mud. They built a fire on this mud and cooked fish and ducks while they were out on the lake. We called the fireplace *tri-ahn'-cut*.

Sometimes they stayed out on the lake fishing for three or four days. When they stayed out a long time on the raft they used to cut the fish open and smoke them over the fire and lay them on the raft to dry. When they came in the fish were almost dried. They used to cut the meat off the ducks and dry it the same way. They used long poles to move the raft around. We called these poles *iyahish* (i-yah'-ish).

When they came in with the boat we would all help to pull it up on the bank to dry out. When it would dry out it was very light. This boat carried all of us very easily. I think it would have taken that many more people.

Finally my stepfather changed his mind. He decided to go across the lake on the boat to *Chaw-lo'-wis* on Atwell's Island.